

## PROMINENT PEOPLE

### "TRUST BUSTER" FOR BENCH



Milton D. Purdy, assistant to the attorney-general, has been nominated by the president for United States judge at Minneapolis, and it remains to be seen whether the local political influence that has been so hostile to him in the past will be able to defeat him now. It was strong enough to prevent his being appointed district attorney for a full term, after he had served the unexpired term of his dead chief, but his abilities were not forgotten at the White House. When congress passed an act providing for an assistant to the attorney-general at \$7,000 a year, in addition to the seven assistants at \$5,000, Purdy was appointed to the office.

It is somewhat remarkable that a man who has made so brilliant a record as a lawyer should have been an indolent, unambitious pupil at school. His father was a potter; he learned the trade himself. He had no ambition to be anything else and would have remained a potter all his life but for his mother, who insisted on his going through the high school and then to the University of Minnesota. When he finished his course he was glad to take a position at \$24 a month, although his board cost him \$5 a week. For a year he was perfectly miserable and often wondered if it was worth while keeping up the struggle. He was forced to walk to save car fare and had to deny himself every enjoyment.

Then came the happiest moment of his life. He was appointed assistant city attorney of Minneapolis at the magnificent salary of \$25 a week. He felt that he was indeed wealthy now, and as soon as he could save enough for his wedding clothes he was married. Then he was appointed assistant United States district attorney and succeeded his chief on the latter's death.

His first 19 cases constituted an unbroken list of successes, and he is alleged to have saved the government over \$3,000,000. Among other things he brought the Minnesota timber thieves to book and helped "bust" the Northern Securities merger to the great delight of the president. Since he has been assistant to the attorney-general he has been making war upon the Standard Oil, the fertilizer, the drug, the tobacco and other trusts and has done valuable work for the government.

### CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK



Charles G. Gates has been "bucking the tiger" in a Rawhide gambling house and come out a winner to the tune of \$20,000. Gambling is to Charles as the breath of his nostrils; without it life would be unendurable, if not impossible. He came by the instinct honestly, for his father, John W. Gates, is looked upon as the most inveterate gambler in New York. It matters nothing to him whether he risks his money on stocks or at the race track; on cotton or on corn; at poker or at faro. If there is any gambling game he has not tried, Wall street men do not know what it is.

Although Charles is only 33, he has seen more of the ups and downs of life than most men of twice his age. He left college to become a clerk for the Consolidated Steel & Wire Co., of Chicago, and at 21 he was assistant to the president. He was at this time engaged in many deals of his own and he made enough money by them to buy a partnership in a stock-brokerage firm. At 24 he felt that he had earned a rest, so he gave up business and went traveling for three years.

On his return he went into his father's brokerage firm in New York. One day he calmly called a meeting of the partners to tell them how they could make two millions in six months. He proposed a corner of the corn market, and these men who had been studying the market for more years than young Gates had lived, went in with him. They ran the price of corn from 65 cents up to \$1, and then the crash came. It was whispered that the Gates family intended to leave the others stranded on the top of a rapidly falling market, and the partners took fright and pulled out.

The Gates combination does not seem to have lost much, for they were immediately afterward active in other deals. Everything they touched seemed to turn to money until they were caught in the slump of a year ago. Their partners, unable to trust them, got from under and the banks called in their loans. Charles and his father are said to have dropped \$40,000,000 at this time. The firm was dissolved and the seat on the exchange sold. Gates and his father proposed to spend a few years in France recuperating, but within a few months they were back in the game again. Charles is now in Rawhide engaged in mining deals.

### BLOW TO BRITISH LIBERALS



The worst blow to the British liberals since they have been in power was delivered in the bye-election here, when Winston Churchill, president of the board of trade in the new Asquith cabinet, was defeated for parliament by 429 votes. W. Joynson Hicks, unionist, won, getting 5,417 votes to Churchill's 4,988. Churchill defeated Hicks for the seat two years ago, but under English custom had to stand for re-election when advanced to cabinet rank.

The vote was the heaviest cast in years. Several elements figured in the defeat of Churchill, one of the principal ones being the energetic opposition of suffragettes. English Catholic priests also opposed Churchill. Premier Asquith failed to send the usual letter to a candidate standing because of advancement, and expounding to the voters the necessity of strengthening the government.

Churchill, although but 33 years old, is noted as a war correspondent, soldier, orator and parliamentarian. As under secretary for the colonies, he received the brunt of the criticism of the Natal muddle, wherein the interference of the London office very nearly brought on an open rupture.

He is the son of the late Right Hon. Lord Randolph Churchill. His mother was a New York girl, the daughter of Leonard Jerome, famous for his wealth and his horses. He won praise during the Boer war for his gallant defense of an armored train at Cheneley. He was made a prisoner of war during the action, but escaped. He was then but 25 and had gone to the scene of conflict as a war correspondent.

As a writer he has distinguished himself, one of his best works being a description of the sea. He also served in the Spanish army in Cuba in 1895, took part in the later wars in India and won a medal for bravery with Kitchener at the battle of Omdurman.

### BOOMING CAUSE OF HUGHES



Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, president of the Hughes league, is busy booming the cause of the New York governor for the Republican presidential nomination.

If Hughes falls the general would like to see the choice fall upon Uncle Joe Cannon who, he says, has prevented more bad or useless legislation from going through than any man in the country. Moreover, he and Uncle Joe entered congress the same year and are exactly the same age, which probably helped to make them the staunch friends they have always been.

Gen. Woodford was born in New York 72 years ago, and was practicing law there more than half a century ago. He was messenger for the famous electoral college of 1860, and was afterward United States attorney for the southern district, which position he threw up to enter the army. At the close of the war he was brevet brigadier-general of volunteers. He was lieutenant-governor of New York in 1866, but was defeated for governor at the following election. He was president of the electoral college in 1872 and a congressman the following year. He has filled some important positions, having been a member of the commission to draft the charter for Greater New York and president of the Hudson Fulton commission. He was United States minister to Spain in 1897, and when the war broke out the following year he returned to the United States and retired into private life, only to emerge once more to boom the candidacy of Gov. Hughes.

## SERIAL STORY

### THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of "THE MAIN CHANCE," "ZELDA DAMON," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

"I think you are quite right, sir," said Bates. He threw down the revolver he held in his hand and leaned upon the edge of the long table that lay on its side, his gaze still bent on Pickering, who stood with his overcoat buttoned close, his derby hat on the floor beside him, where it had fallen as Bates hauled him into the room.

The sound of a measured step, of some one walking, of a careful foot on a stairway, was quite distinct. I even remarked the slight stumble that I had noticed before.

We were all so intent on those steps in the wall that we were off guard. I heard Bates yell warningly, and Larry and Stoddard rushed for Pickering. He had drawn a revolver from his overcoat pocket and was about to fire at me when Stoddard sent the weapon flying through the air.

"Only a moment now, gentlemen," said Bates, an odd smile on his face. He was looking past me toward the right end of the fireplace. There seemed to be in the air a feeling of something impending. Even Morgan and his men, half-crouching, ready for a rush at me, hesitated, and Pickering glanced nervously from one to the other of us. It was the calm before the storm; in a moment we should be at each other's throats for the final struggle, and yet we waited. In the wall I heard still the sound of steps. They were clear to all of us now. We stood there for what seemed an eternity—I suppose the time was really not more than 30 seconds—inert, waiting, while I felt that something must happen; the silence, the waiting, were intolerable. I grasped my pistol and bent low for a spring at Morgan; and every man in the room was instantly on the alert.

All but Bates. He remained rigid—that curious smile on his blood-stained face, his eyes bent toward the end of the great fireplace back of me.

That look on his face held, arrested, numbed me; I followed it. I forgot Morgan; a tacit truce held us all again. I stepped back till my eyes fastened on the broad paneled chimney-breast at the right of the hearth, and it was there now that the sound of footsteps in the wall was heard again; then it ceased utterly, the long panel opened slowly, creaking slightly upon its hinges, then down into the room stepped Marian Devereux. She wore the dark gown in which I had seen her last, and a cloak was drawn over her shoulders.

She laughed as her eyes swept the room.

"Ah, gentlemen," she said, shaking her head, as she viewed our disorder, "what wretched housekeepers you are!"

Steps were again heard in the wall, and she turned to the panel, held it open with one hand and put out the other, waiting for some one who followed her.

Then down into the room stepped my grandfather, John Marshall Glenarm! His staff, his cloak, the silk hat above his shrewd face, and his sharp, black eyes were unmistakable. He drew a silk handkerchief from the skirts of his frock coat, with a characteristic flourish that I remembered well, and brushed a bit of dust from his sleeve before looking at any of us. Then his eyes fell upon me.

"Good morning, Jack," he said; and then gazed with mild curiosity about the room.

"God help us!" It was Morgan, I think, who screamed these words as he bolted for the broken door, but Stoddard caught and held him.

"Thank God, you're here, sir!" broke forth in Bates' sepulchral voice.

It seemed to me that I saw all that happened with a weird, unnatural distinctness, as one sees, before a storm, vivid outlines of far headlands that the usual light of day fails to disclose.

I was myself dazed and spellbound; but I do not like to think, even now, of the effect of my grandfather's appearance on Arthur Pickering; of the shock that seemed verily to break him in two, so that he staggered, then collapsed, his head falling as though to strike his knees. Larry caught him by the collar and dragged him to a seat, where he huddled, his twitching hands at his throat.

"Gentlemen," said my grandfather, "you seem to have been enjoying yourselves. Who is this person?"

He pointed with his stick to the sheriff, who was endeavoring to crawl out from under the mass of broken crystals.

"That, sir, is the sheriff," answered Bates.

"A very disorderly man, I must say. Jack, what have you been doing to cause the sheriff so much inconvenience? Didn't you know that that chandler was likely to kill him? That thing cost a thousand dollars. Gentlemen, you are expensive visitors. Ah, Morgan—and Ferguson, too! Well, well! I thought better of both of you. Good morning, Stoddard! A

little work for the church militant! and this gentleman"—he indicated Larry, who was, for once in his life, without anything to say.

"Mr. Donovan, a friend of the house," explained Bates.

"Pleased, I'm sure," said the old gentleman. "Glad the house has a friend. It seems to have had enemies enough," he added, and eyed the wreck of the room ruefully. The good humor in his face reassured me; but still I stood in tongue-tied wonder, staring at him.

"And Pickering!" John Marshall Glenarm's voice broke with a quiet mirth that I remembered as the preface usually of something unpleasant. "Well, Arthur, I'm glad to find you on guard, defending the interests of my estate. At the risk of your life, too! Bates!"

"Yes, Mr. Glenarm."

"You ought to have called me earlier. I really prized that chandelier immensely. And this furniture wasn't so bad!"

His tone changed abruptly. He pointed to the sheriff's deputies one after the other with his stick. There was, I remembered, always something insinuating, disagreeable and final about my grandfather's staff.

"Clear out!" he commanded. "Bates, see these fellows through the wall. Mr. Sheriff, if I were you I'd be very careful, indeed, what I said of this affair. I'm a dead man come to life again, and I know a great deal that I didn't know before I died. Nothing, gentlemen, fits a man for life like a temporary absence from this cheerful and pleasant world. I recommend you to try it."

Pickering sat silent, not sure whether he saw a ghost or real flesh and blood, and Larry kept close to him, cutting off his retreat. I think we all experienced that bewildered feeling of children who are caught in mischief by a sudden parental visitation. My

"You impostor,—you perjurer! The law will deal with your case."

"To be sure," resumed my grandfather, calmly; "Bates did make false affidavits about my death; but possibly—"

"It was in a Pickwickian sense, sir," said Bates gravely.

"And in a righteous cause," declared my grandfather. "I assure you, Pickering, that I have every intention of taking care of Bates. His weekly letters giving an account of the curious manifestations of your devotion to Jack's security and peace were alone worth a goodly sum. But, Bates—"

The old gentleman was enjoying himself hugely. He chuckled now, and placed his hand on my shoulder.

"Bates, it was too bad I got those missives of yours all in a bunch. I was in a dahabiyeh on the Nile and they don't have rural free delivery in Egypt. Your cablegram called me home before I had finished reading the letters. But thank God, Jack, you're alive!"

There was real feeling in these last words, and I think we were all touched by them.

"Amen to that!" cried Bates.

"And now, Pickering, before you go I want to show you something. It's about this mysterious treasure, that has given you—and I hear, the whole countryside—so much concern. I'm disappointed in you, Jack, that you couldn't find the hiding place. I designed that as a part of your architectural education. Bates, give me a chair."

The man gravely drew a chair out of the wreckage and placed it upon the hearth. My grandfather stepped upon it, seized one of the bronze sconces above the mantel and gave it a sharp turn. At the same moment, Bates, upon another chair, grasped the companion bronze and wrenched it sharply. Instantly some mechanism



Down into the Room Stepped My Grandfather.

grandfather went about peering at the books, with a tranquil air that was disquieting.

He paused suddenly before the design for the memorial tablet, which I had made early in my stay at Glenarm House. I had sketched the lettering with some care, and pinned it against a shelf for my more leisurely study of its phrases. The old gentleman pulled out his glasses and stood with his hands behind his back, reading. When he finished he walked to where I stood.

"Jack!" he said, "Jack, my boy!"

His voice shook and his hands trembled as he laid them on my shoulders. "Marian!"—he turned, seeking her, but the girl had vanished. "Just as well," he said. "This room is hardly an edifying sight for a woman." I heard, for an instant, a light hurried step in the wall.

Pickering, too, heard that faint, fugitive sound, and our eyes met at the instant it ceased. The thought of her tore my heart, and I felt that Pickering saw and knew and was glad.

"They have all gone, sir," reported Bates, returning to the room.

"Now, gentlemen," began my grandfather, seating himself, "this little secret of mine was shared by only two persons. One of these was Bates,"—he paused as an exclamation broke from all of us; and he went on, enjoying our amazement,—and the other was Marian Devereux. I had observed for years that at a man's death his property often gets into the wrong hands, or becomes a bone of contention among lawyers. Sometimes,—and the old gentleman laughed,—an executor proves incompetent or dishonest. I was thoroughly fooled in you, Pickering. The money you owe me is a large sum; and you were so delighted to hear of my death that you didn't even make sure I was really out of the way. You were perfectly willing to accept Bates' word for it; and I must say that Bates carried it off splendidly."

Pickering rose, the blood surging again in his face, and screamed at Bates, pointing a shaking finger at the man.

creaked in the great oak chimney-breast and the long oak panels swung open, disclosing a steel door with a combination knob.

"Gentlemen,—and my grandfather turned with a quaint touch of humor, and a merry twinkle in his bright old eyes—"gentlemen, behold the treasury! It has proved a better hiding place than I ever imagined it would. There's not much here, Jack, but enough to keep you going for a while."

We were all staring, and the old gentleman was unfeignedly enjoying our mystification. It was an hour on which he had evidently counted much; it was the triumph of his resurrection and home-coming, and he chuckled as he twirled the knob in the steel door. Then Bates stepped forward and helped him pull the door open, disclosing a narrow steel chest, upright and held in place by heavy bolts clamped into the chimney. It was filled with packets of papers tied neatly with tape.

"Jack," said my grandfather, shaking his head, "you wouldn't be an architect, and you're not much of an engineer, either, or you'd have seen that that paneling was heavier than was necessary. There's \$200,000 in first-rate securities. Bates and I put them there just before I went to Vermont to die."

"I've sounded those panels a dozen times," I protested.

"Of course you have," said my grandfather, "but solid steel behind wood is safe. I tested it carefully before I left."

He laughed and rapped the floor with his staff, and I laughed with him.

"But you found the Door of Resurrection and Pickering's notes, and that's something."

"No; I didn't even find that. Donovan deserves the credit. But how did you ever come to build that tunnel, if you don't mind telling me?"

He laughed gleefully.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dangerous Knowledge.

We never know what we can do till we try, and then we are sometimes sorry we found out.

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### YALE MEN TAKE TO THE LAW.

The Bar Still Attracts One-Third of the University's Graduates.

The statisticians at Yale have drawn up a table to show what occupations the graduates of the institution have chosen in the last century. From the table it appears that the ministry has fallen off greatly as an attraction.

When the century opened about 39 per cent. of Yale graduates were ministers. Beginning with 1860 this number took a great fall. Since 1865 the average has been six per cent.

The averages for law and medicine have remained about the same. As a rule ten per cent. of Yale's graduates are doctors. In law the figures have been steadily about 33 per cent.

In teaching and science the figures have increased very gradually from about two per cent. to 11 per cent. The strongest upward tendency has been that of business. The farmers have fallen off ever since the southern planters ceased to enter Yale.

Business now attracts about one-third of the men, and the law about one-third. The other third is divided between the ministry, science, teaching, forestry and a few other branches.

Panoramic View Showing East Side of Tintic Camp.

The brokerage firm of Child, Cole & Co. has a happy knack of getting out maps and other interesting data about interest centers of Utah mining. Following the issuance of Tintic maps comes the company with a panoramic view of the east side of the Tintic camp, showing the position and workings of the mines in that part of the district. The view gives one an idea of the active mines of Tintic and their relative positions never before appreciated without a personal inspection of the territory in question.

A mining map of Park City is also being prepared, which will be the first map that has ever been distributed free.

This enterprising firm is enjoying a splendid business from a large and satisfactory clientele, which speaks well for its ability and integrity.

### TROUBLE WITH MODERN CHILD.

Too Early Made Acquainted with the Pomp of the World.

Miss L. E. Stearns, in her lecture on the "Thankless Child," in Milwaukee, pleaded for children to have time to be children. "I know of a Milwaukee mother who was surprised lately to find that at a birthday party which her daughter (a child of eight) had attended two liveried pages stood at the door to receive the gifts the child brought. The same little girl who was hostess at the party, when in a formal mood, is apt to go to call upon some child of her own age in her mother's carriage, accompanied by a footman and driver, and when she arrives, presents her visiting card before seeing her friend." Miss Stearns compared this complicated existence with that of the great John Ruskin, who had but four toys during his entire childhood, but who spent many enraptured hours with these, and he attributed his taste for architecture to the fact of his blocks, one of the toys, having interested him in building at so early an age.

Keep This in Mind.

It must not be forgotten that the man who takes advantage of others will take advantage of you if he ever finds it conveniently profitable to do so, no matter how consistently he may pretend to be your friend.

Scientific Loafing.

"Chess, checkers and what are marvelous inventions," says the philosopher of folly. "They enable a man to waste his time and still have the feeling that he is accomplishing something intellectual."